Hudibras Redivivus:

OR, A

Burlesque POEM

ON THE

TIMES.

Part the Sixth.

LONDON,

Printed: And sold by *Benj. Bragge*, in *Avemary-Lane*, and at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noster-Row*, against *Ivy-Lane*. 1706. (Price Six-pence.)

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IS this, thought I, the winning Way
That Saints Enthuſiaſtick pray?
Can Malice, mix'd with Scoffs and Blunders,
Produce ſuch rare *ex temp're* Wonders?
And Monkey Faces, Yawns, and Stammers,
Delude the pious Dames and Gammers,
To think their mumbling Guides Precation
So full of Heav'nly Inſpiration,
That the Majeſtick Excellences
Of *Common-Pray'er*, in their dull Senſes,

Muſt of that Holy Force be wanting,
The Zealots find in off-hand Canting?
So they believe, becauſe they're taught,
That the Church *Liturgy* is naught,
Old Popiſh Stuff, not worth a Groat;
And being by their Holy Guide,
The reading *Common-Pray'r*, deny'd,
His Doctrine, and their Ignorance,
Do ſtill their Prejudice advance,
'Till Heav'nly Grace, nor Human Reaſon,
Can kill at laſt the deadly Poyſon;
Which working on the Mind ſo long,
Becomes s' unconquerably ſtrong,
That unknown Exc'lence they abuſe,
But praiſe the Errors that they uſe.
So have I ſeen a *French*-man eat,
In *Spittle-Fields*, moſt ſtinking Meat,
Toſs'd up with Leeks into *Raggoo*,
To overcome th' unſav'ry Hogo;

Then

Then ſwear, *Begar*, *'tis very good*,
Becauſe he knew no better Food.
Thus they applaud their way of Feaſting,
Deſpiſing ours for want of taſting.

By this Time, all the Auditory
Began to ſing to th' Praiſe and Glory,
Like Pigs and Hogs in Peaſe-field hunted,
Some ſqueak'd aloud, and others grunted,
All vary'ng in their Tune and Tone,
Which each might juſtly call their own;
For no kind Siſter, or good Brother,
Kept Time or Key with one another;
But as they'd all diſcording Faces,
So all ſung diff'rent Tunes and Graces,
Such as they us'd to lull and diddle
To froward Infants in the Cradle.
So have I heard, in *Chriſtmas* Time,
When noiſy Rev'ling is no Crime,
A Crowd of Country Wags and Wenches,
Seated on Buffet Stoolls and Benches,

When

When o'er their knappy ſugar'd Beer,
Sing, *Ponder well, you Parents dear,*
Each ſtraining forth her Screech-owl Voice,
Making ſome Godly Tune her Choice,
Which Gammer *Crump*, and Goody *Birch*,
Had ſqueak'd for many Years at Church.

When Pſalms, for half an Hour, they'd ſung
And howl'd, from Stave to Stave, along,
'Till *Sternhold*'s old and rugged Strains
Had made them Hoarſe, they took ſuch Pains,
That in a Sweat, the Congregation
Ended their jingling Supplication;
On which they all were ſo intent,
And ſeem'd ſo muſically bent,
Each Member of the Holy Club,
From lofty Saint, to lowly Scrub,
All ſtrain'd their Throats to bear a Bob;
That ſure no Mid-night Catter-wawling,
Could e'er produce a ſtranger Squaling,

Than

Than did, according to my Notion,
This bawling Conſort in Devotion,
Where ev'ry gaping, thin-jaw'd Brother,
Strove zealouſly t' out howl the other,
As if the Pſalm they had been ſinging,
Was penitential to their Swinging;
And that th' were deſtin'd by the *Pſalter*,
To all die Martyrs of the Halter.

CANTO IX.

THE Teacher, after ſome Delay,
In which h'ad ſtudy'd what to ſay,
With Grace and Gravity affected,
Roſe from his Seat, and ſtood erected.
Then opening of his Lips moſt nicely,
He made us t'other Pray'r conciſely;
Which Work he did with *Amen* Crown,
And then the ſighing Saints ſat down:

Then

Then with his horny Thumbs, he ſpread
A Book, which, when 'twas open laid,
He did therein preciſely look,
And thus his Text he gravely took.

Moſt Holy Brethren, if you mind,
In the laſt Book of *Kings*, you'll find,
Mark you me, Chapter Forty Eight,
When *Iſrael*'s Saints were Rich and Great,
Theſe Wonders in the thirtieth Verſe,
Written in bloody Characters:
This Day the haughty Tyrant fell,
And with him all the Prieſts of Baal:
Bleſs'd be the Hand that gave the Stroke,
Which freed all Iſrael *from her Yoke.*

This is a hopeful Rogue, thought I,
He'll preach rare Doctrine by and by;
Sure he and all his liſt'ning Mob,
Are Members of the *Calves-Head Club*;
None but ſuch Rebels would diſpence
With ſo much Heath'niſh Impudence.

I ſha'n't

I shan't, says he, divide my Words,
O'th' Text, as Joiners do Deal Boards,
And as too many Knaves have done,
Make half a Dozen out of one;
But keep in Union all its Parts,
And Glue them closely to your Hearts.
My Words are not like Human Sorrow,
That comes to Day, and goes to Morrow;
But will, by th' help of Pray'r and Fasting,
Stick by your Souls for everlasting.

In the first place, my Text imports
The Massacres, the Spoils, and Hurts,
That to the Righteous have been done
By wicked Tyrants on the Throne.

Thought I, not half so many, sure,
As have been done in Times of *Yore*,
When Rogues, like you, by Hell appointed,
Pull'd down God's Church, and his Anointed.

After he'd made a little Pause,
Again he stretch'd his Lockrum Jaws;

But now, says he, 'tis worth our Wonder,
T' observe how th' Lord brings Tyrants under,
As *Ahaz*, *Jeroboam*, *Saul*,
Jehoram, and the Dev'l and all,
Who were so wicked, that they valu'd
No more Religion, than a Ballad;
And gave the Priests no more Respect,
Than if they'd been a lousy Sect
Of Heath'nish Sophisters of Old,
Who, as we've been in Proverb told,
Were such poor despicable Wretches,
They us'd to shew, thro' fallen Stitches,
And Pocket-holes, their naked Britches.

Thought I, for all your Pulpit-Drumming,
Had you no Hose to hide your Bum in,
But what true Merit would procure you,
I then might venture to assure you,
Your poor Deserts would scarce be able
To find you Trouzers to your Bauble;

But

But all the Holy Tribe might ſee
Your Label of Mortalitie
Hang dang'ling down, in ſorry Pickle,
To th' Grief of all the Gender Fickle,
That Comfort ſeek in Conventicle,
Said he, 'tis for this Cauſe, we ſee
Proud Kings reduc'd to Miſerie,
From their high Thrones and Scepters torn,
And made God's Holy People's Scorn.
Kings have no longer Right to Reign,
Than they the Covenant maintain;
Nor ought the People to obey
Their Prince, but in a righteous Way;
So that when e'er he breaks the Law,
Allegiance is not worth a Straw;
Or if he falſifies his Oath,
His Crime abſolves us of our Troth;
For when us Saints are diſappointed,
The Sovereign Pow'r is quite diſjointed,
And he no longer God's Anointed:

As you may read *Review* th' Eleventh,
And *Observator* Twenty ſeventh;
In many Godly Books beſide,
If you'd be further ſatisfied.

Rare Doctrine for a Rogue to ſcatter,
And exc'lent Proofs to clear the Matter.

But then, ſays he, perhaps you'll ſay,
How ſhall we know, that do obey,
When he that rules, the Law abuſes,
And when his Pow'r he rightly uſes.
I'll anſwer this with greater Eaſe,
Than Boys catch Flies, or Women Fleas.
You muſt depend upon your Guide,
'Tis he that muſt theſe Things decide:
We know by ſpecial Revelation,
When a King means to hurt his Nation,
For Inſtance, *James*'s Abdication;
And when we're pleas'd to let you know,
That Things are carry'd ſo and ſo,

You

You *Nolens Volens*, muſt believe us;
For curs'd is he that does deceive us:
Nay, loſt for ever, d——n'd as ſure
As the Wind changes every Hour.

Thought I, if Prieſts the Pow'r ſhould have,
Aſſum'd by this Imperial Knave,
A Hero ſure would ſooner chooſe
To carry Brooms, and cry old Shooes,
Than rule a Kingdom at the Pleaſure
Of ſuch a Pack of Knaves as theſe are;
For ſhould ſuch Wolves, in Shepherds Clothing,
Who bear to Kingly Pow'r a Lothing,
Be Judges of their Prince's Actions,
And Kings be bound by their Directions;
The Ax, or ſome more cruel Fate,
Would on each wretched Sov'reign wait,
That we alaſs! ſhould find too ſoon,
More Revolutions than the Moon.
For how ſhould Kings endure the Teaz
Of hum'ring ſuch damn'd Guides as theſe,
Whom Earth can't bind, or Heaven pleaſe;

For as all Kingdoms are the Lord's,
They prove, by wreſting Scripture-Words,
His Saints, that is, themſelves, Pox on 'em,
Have th' only Right to over-run 'em.

Did not *Jehojada*, ſays he,
The Lord's chief Prieſt, as I may be,
Command *Athaliah* to be ſlain,
With all her Idolizing Train:
It's true, ſhe bawl'd out Treaſon, Treaſon,
But all her Crys were out of Seaſon;
For tho' a Queen, when once the Prieſt
Did her falſe Gods and her deteſt,
Pronouncing Heav'n's Degree upon her,
Alaſs! what ſignify'd her Honour?
Juſt nothing, for ſhe might have been
As well a Vagrant, as a Queen;
For once beneath the High-Prieſt's Curſe,
Sh'ad neither better far'd, nor worſe;

For

For whatſoe'er he doom'd her to,
That Fate ſhe was to undergo;
For when the Prieſt has ſaid the Word,
Deliver'd to him by the Lord,
Be it to Hang, to Burn, or Drown,
The bitter Portion muſt go down.
Thus when *Athaliah* was ſubjected
By the High Prieſt, by Heav'n directed,
In ſpight of Aid, ſhe met her Fate,
And fell before her own Horſe-Gate.
From hence we learn what mighty Things
The Prieſts have done by Queens and Kings;
Therefore the Lord commands, I ſay,
That you his Miniſters obey;
For if you ſide for Love or Money,
With Crowns that have ſo oft undone ye,
The Dev'l will get a Hank upon ye.
'Tis ſtrange ſuch canting Knaves, thought I,
Such Emp'ricks in Divinity,

Should

Should ſour the People with ſuch Leven,
And all the while look up to Heaven,
As if they thought to pleaſe the Lord,
B' abuſing thus his Holy Word;
And by confounding ſilly People
With Notions, ſo profoundly evil,
Not fit for Chriſtians, but the Devil.
How ſhould the Peace of Kingdoms flouriſh,
Where Pulpit-Quacks ſuch Diſcords nouriſh,
And by falſe Jealouſies and Fears,
Set King and People by the Ears,
And by the Doctrines that they ſpread,
Their ſpiteful ſcabby Flocks perſwade
To hold this dangerous Opinion,
That they by Grace have all Dominion,
For Pow'r they hold in Grace is founded,
And Grace, they ſay, alone is bounded
Within their Holy Tribe, the Round-head?
Thus, like the *Roman* Church, we ſee
They hold Infallibilitie,

Only

Only the one more wiſely gueſs
'Tis ſeated in his Holineſs;
Whilſt our *Geneva* Dunces ſquabble
To place it in their gracious Rabble,
And make them Lords, that have a Right
By Dint of Grace, that is, by Spight,
Their Prince at Pleaſure to abuſe,
Reproach, Impriſon, and Accuſe,
Try, Condemn, Murder, then proceed,
When from all lawful Pow'r they're freed,
To raiſe ſome Rebel in his ſtead:
Thus change, thro' Preaching, and their Pray'rs,
Their Kings, as often as Lord May'rs;
That every bold rebellious Brother
Might hope, by making of a Pother,
To climb the Throne, one time or other.

So Rogues, that live by Rape and Spoil,
The Laws Severity revile,
And labour to themſelves perſwade,
That Theft's a conſciencious Trade,

And downright Robbery, no more
Than Juſtice, in a Man that's poor.

But now our Teacher ſtretch'd his Jaws,
And cry'd aloud, Obſerve the Cauſe
Why Queen *Athaliah* dy'd the Death,
And thus reſign'd her ſinful Breath?
'Twas not with common Female Fraily,
That ſhe diſhonour'd Sov'reign Royalty,
Nor did ſhe fall for Sins ſo paultry,
As Fornication, or Adult'ry;
But Crimes more damnable than both,
Such that provok'd the L——d to Wrath,
And made the Prieſts ſo vex'd and mad,
There was no Mercy to be had:
In ſhort, ſh' was guilty of a Sin
Unpardonable in a Queen.

After ſtrange Gods ſhe ran a Whoring,
An Itch beyond the High Prieſt's curing;
Which grew at laſt to ſuch an Evil,
That made her prove a very Devil:

Falſe

False Gods she to her self erected,
And the true Worship she rejected;
Upon the *Levites* turn'd her Tail,
And countenanc'd the Priests of *Baal*,
With Idols, to polute the Temple,
And shew the Land a bad Example.
Thus she defil'd the House of *David*,
And took new Measures to be saved;
Ador'd false Gods for Love or Lucre,
For which the *Levites* did rebuke her,
But still in vain, 'till God forsook her:
And then, altho' a Queen before,
Abandon'd thus, she was no more;
No more, I will be bold to say
To the High Priest *Jehojada*,
Than the poor'st Gossip, if compar'd
To me, that teach the Holy Word;
For if against the Lord you Sin,
And we, his Priests, declare wherein:

If you don't ſpeedily repent it,
And when we bid you do't, recant it,
We're bound in Duty to reſent it.
So if you Evil heap upon us,
And don't repair the Wrong you've done us,
The Lord reſents the ſad Offence,
As offer'd to Omnipotence,
And will moſt ſurely find a Time
To puniſh, nay, revenge the Crime.
Therefore you Saints, that would be bleſs'd,
And of the *Promis'd Land* poſſeſs'd,
Muſt do as we, your Teachers, bid you,
And follow us, or Woe betide you;
For what can ſignify a Guide,
If *Satan*'s Hobby you beſtride,
And turn a head-ſtrong, wicked Rover,
As if the Devil was your Drover.
I ſay, Go on as we direct ye,
And Heav'n will bleſs ye, and protect ye;

Then we, the Elect, ſhall trample o'er
The *Babylonian* ſcarlet Whore;
Then ſhall the Holy Saints prevail,
And pull down all the Prieſts of *Baal*;
Confound their Bag-pipes, and their Fiddles,
Deſpoil their Images and Idols,
Deface their gilded *Pagan* Altars,
And turn their Girdles into Halters;
Stop all their old romantick Stories
Of *Lymbo's* and of *Purgatories*;
Conſume their Anti-chriſtian *Baſe*-Books,
Their *Aves*, *Ros'ries*, and their *Maſs*-Books,
That they no more ſhall Preach or Prate in
That Heath'niſh, *Roman* Language, *Latin*,
But Worſhip God as Chriſtians ſhou'd do,
That is, as Holy I and you do:
Our Practice of their own Receipt,
Will make the Heav'nly Work compleat:
Faggot and Fire are exc'lent Tools
To humble Knaves, and puniſh Fools:

If you don't ſpeedily repent it,
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That is, as Holy I and you do:
Our Practice of their own Receipt,
Will make the Heav'nly Work compleat:
Faggot and Fire are exc'lent Tools
To humble Knaves, and puniſh Fools:

There can be no true Reformation,
Without a gentle Conflagration:
Therefore remember, that I ſay
This is the true and only Way
For you, the Saints, to riſe to Glory,
And make the Wicked fly before ye.
Ruſh on at all; make no Delay;
Like Soldiers fight, like Prophets pray,
And we ſhall ſurely win the Day;
For where the Goſpel and the Sword
Unite, to propagate the Word,
The Lord will, at our humble Call,
Become his People's General:
Therefore I ſay again, go on;
Ne'er flinch 'till the good Work be done,
And the whole World be made our own;
For *Satan*'s Kingdom now ſhall periſh,
And in their ſtead the Saints ſhall flouriſh:

For

For which Succeſs, we ought to pray,
That full of Grace and Peace, we may
Conclude the Service of the Day.

Sure none, thought I, that hear a Knave,
With Noddle grey, and Looks ſo grave,
Delude a brainleſs Congregation
After ſo vile and wicked Faſhion,
Can wonder at our ſev'ral Factions,
And ſtand amaz'd at our Diſtractions,
Or blame the Crowd for their Diviſions
About their Morals and Religions;
Since ſuch illit'rate, envious Praters,
Are ſuffer'd to ſeduce poor Creatures,
And op'nly draw them to diſſent,
Both from the Church and Government;
For every poys'nous Principle,
When Scripture's made the Vehicle,
In Pulpit ſpread by ſuch a Villain,
Nurs'd up in Treaſon and Rebellion,
Will in ſhort time infect a Million;

For

For all Contagions of the Tongue,
Are blown inſenſibly along
Into by Alleys, Nooks, and Holes,
Among ſuch Peſtilential Souls,
Whoſe Lungs ſtill make the Poyſon worſe,
And break it forth with greater Force,
'Till the Plague does it ſelf expand
To every Corner of the Land,
And gains ſuch Epidemick Pow'r,
'Tis paſt the State-Phyſician's Cure:
Who then muſt flatter the Diſeaſe,
And paliate what he can't appeaſe.
So Princes, that command a Throne,
When Faction is too pow'rful grown,
And forc'd, for Eaſe, to Favour ſhew,
Where Puniſhment is only due.
Thus, when our Bab'ler had confounded
What Fools believ'd he had expounded,
He chang'd his formal preaching Air
Into a Godly Mein, for Pray'r,

And ſo began a new Oration,
To bleſs his ſighing Congregation,
Who look'd as if their meagre Chaps
Were chiefly fed with Pulpit-Scraps,
And that their ſkinny Sides and Faces
Were almoſt ſtarv'd with hungry Meſſes
Of tedious Pray'rs, and cooling Graces.

Having thus ſcrew'd his Parchment Jaws
Such ſundry ways, to gain Applauſe,
He rowl'd his Ogles with a Grace
Becoming ſo a zealous Face,
That all the Brethren groan'd to ſee
Such exquiſite Hypocriſie,
And by a ſympathetick Force,
Look'd full as bad as him, or worſe:
At length this Utterance he made,
And ſpoke his Words with doleful Dread,
Like Fryar *Bacon*'s Brazen Head.

O L——d, ſays he, O L——d of Hoſt,
We are thy Saints, and that thou know'ſt,

Stick by us now, that we may ſcatter
Our Foes, and ſtick by thee hereafter.
Exalt the Horns of us thy People
Above the Dragon of *Bow* Steeple,
That by thy Grace's Contribution,
We may have Strength of Conſtitution,
To knock down High Church Perſecution.

O let not this thy Holy Place,
E'er want that Scavenger, thy Grace,
That ev'ry Soul that comes herein,
May be new vamp'd, and made ſo clean,
That not one Speck of Sin or Folly
May any tender Conſcience ſully;
So that each Saint, who hither comes,
May return back to their own Homes
As undefil'd from Head to Rump,
As a new Jug juſt rinc'd at Pump.

O L——d, look down, and bleſs thy People,
The Young, the Old, the Blind, the Cripple,

May

May they thy Holy Word remember,
Above the Fifth Day of *November*.
O bleſs each Saint that edifies
By this Day's Holy Exerciſe:
Let thy Grace hover round about 'em,
And dwell within 'em, and without 'em,
That they may all Dominion gain,
And o'er thy Foes in Triumph reign;
So, L——d, with us ſay thou *Amen*.

FINIS.

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So, L——d, with us fay thou Amen.

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